

during the night I said with the old prophet: "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and let all that is within me, bless His holy name."

The next day was the Lord's day, and the weather was splendid. My large church was filled with such a multitude of my dear Roman Catholic immigrants as I had never seen.

When I saw them, I said to myself, What will they do when I tell them that yesterday I broke forever the ties which united me to their church in order to accept the Gospel of Christ for my only rule of faith? They surely will turn me out from their midst with horror. But that is no matter to me. If they turn me out . . . the world is large enough to give me a little place somewhere else. And wherever I go, I will be rich and happy in the possession of "The Gift," "Dear Savior," I said, "Help me to show the gift to my countrymen in such a way that they will see its beauty and accept it."

And my humble but ardent prayer was granted in the most perfect and merciful way.

After I told my people that the day before I had forever given up the authority of the Pope in order to follow Christ alone, speaking to me thro His Gospel, I asked and got the permission to tell them the reasons of that change. For nearly two hours I presented to them Christ—and eternal life—as the gift of God. To the best of my ability I showed them the beauty and the greatness of the gift.

And it soon was evident to me that I was not alone there speaking of the gift. The merciful Savior who has said, "Without Me ye can do nothing," was there to guide my thoughts and my words. Yes! He was there to bless the good seed and to prepare the ground that we might have a glorious crop.

I had not finished speaking when that whole multitude were beside themselves with wonder at the greatness and beauty of the gift.

I concluded my address by saying:

"As I have forever given up the authority of the Pope to follow Christ, I cannot remain a day longer in your midst as your pastor. I respect you too much to impose myself on your faith. I must go. But I will not go before you tell me to do it. Here are my last parting words: Let those of you who wish to continue to submit to the authority of the bishops and popes of Rome, and who wish to have another priest in my place to preach to you the doctrines of the church of Rome, tell it to me by rising up, and I will go." To my unspeakable surprise not one rose to tell me to go.

Our large church was then filled with sobs and cries coming from every breast.

After a considerable time of silence on my part, a thought flashed on my mind, and with cries of joy, I said:

"Oh, my dear countrymen! The great and merciful God who helped me yesterday to cross the Red Sea and enter the 'Promised Land' is in our midst today to help you to cross that dreadful Red Sea: and He is opening for you the gates of the 'Promised Land.' With me you will break the heavy yoke of

the Pope to follow the Gospel of Christ. With me you will accept the gift and be forever rich and happy in its possession.

"Let those of you who wish me to remain in your midst, to preach to you nothing but the Gospel of Christ, rise up, and I will remain as the pastor of your choice, to help you more and more to know, love and keep the gift."

And without a single exception every one of that multitude, rich and poor, old and young, men, women and children, were on their feet to tell me to remain and help them to exchange the yoke of the Pope for the sweet and divine yoke of Christ.

That day more than 1000 names, I hope, were written in the Book of Life. Six months later more than 2,000 more in my colony of Illinois had followed them, and we counted more than 4,000 who had followed their example before the end of the year.

Of the 500 families who composed my Roman Catholic congregation of Kankakee, the priest of Bourbonnais swore before the court that 485 had become Protestants, and only fifteen had remained Roman Catholics.

3. Today we count more than 45,000 French Canadians who have left the errors of popery to follow Christ in Canada and the United States.

4. We have more than 100 congregations formed among these dear converts under the pastorage of Presbyterian, Congregationalist, Methodist, Baptist and Episcopalian ministers, who are working with me, and with whom it is still my privilege to labor in the good Master's vineyard.

5. Between fifteen and twenty other ministers are coming out from our first converted congregation of Illinois.

6. I have preached the Gospel to the Roman Catholics about 7,000 times in more than 600 places in the United States, England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Switzerland, New South Wales, Queensland, Victoria, South Australia, Tasmania and the provinces of Canada.

7. In the midst of those travels and predications, I have written the volumes "Fifty Years in the Church of Rome," of 835 pages, which is now at its forty-third edition; and the "Priest, Woman and Confessional," 280 pages, which is at its fiftieth edition.

8. Both volumes have been translated into almost all the languages of Europe.

9. I have been dragged before the criminal courts thirty times by the priests and the bishops of Rome, who have brought not less than 100 false witnesses against me; accusing me of every crime (even of arson.)

10. But every time, by the great mercy of God, I proved my innocence and showed they had perjured themselves.

11. In one instance I thought it was my duty to show before the court of Kankakee, Ill., that one of those priests had persuaded seventy-two false witnesses to perjure themselves against me.

12. The priest, called Branet, was condemned to fourteen years in jail for that

crime. But in a stormy night, the Roman Catholics came to his rescue; they broke the jail and let him go to Montreal, where he died six months later.

13. The Roman Catholics have tried to kill me twenty times, with stones, sticks, pistols and poison.

14. Ten times I have seen my own blood shed in Montreal, Quebec, Ottawa, Halifax, Antigonish, Charlottetown and Hobarttown. Three times the bruises were so serious that I came very near dying from them.

15. In the year 1861, the mayor of Quebec, M. Hall, was obliged to put that city under martial law to save my life, and in the year 1880, the governor of Hobarttown in the great island of Tasmania (our antipodes,) tho himself a Roman Catholic, put that city under martial law, as the only way to save me from the hands of my would-be murderers.

No words can tell what sufferings, humiliations, anxieties of mind are in store for the man who has to pass thro such experiences. But from the hands of my enemies my merciful God has always saved me. May His name be forever blessed.

16. I have been dragged by the sheriff of Kankakee city to the city of Urbana, Illinois, and there I was accused before the jury of such a horrible crime, that I cannot mention it here. Tho I was perfectly innocent, I was to be condemned to the penitentiary probably for my whole life, because two priests had perjured themselves and sworn that I was guilty.

My principal lawyer had said to me: "Tho

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